

CANNOT CHEAT GOD.

HE WILL WEIGH OUR ACTS WITH PERFECT BALANCES.

Opportunities Shall Be Measured Against Sins—Dr. Talmage Says We Shall Be Held Personally Responsible For Our Shortcomings.

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WASHINGTON, May 21.—In these days of moral awakening this pointed sermon by Dr. Talmage on personal responsibility before God will be read with a deep and solemn interest; text, Daniel v, 27, "Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting."

Babylon was the paradise of architecture, and driven out from thence the grandest buildings of modern times are only the evidence of her fall. The site having been selected for the city, 2,000,000 men were employed in the rearing of her walls and the building of her works. It was a city 60 miles in circumference. There was a trench all around the city, from which the material for the building of the city had been dug. There were 25 gates on each side of the city; between every two gates a tower of defense springing into the sky; from each gate on the one side, a street running straight through to the corresponding gate on the other side, so that there were 50 streets 15 miles long. Through the city ran a branch of the river Euphrates. This river sometimes overflowed its banks, and, to keep it from ruining the city, a lake was constructed into which the surplus water of the river would run during the time of freshets, and the water was kept in this artificial lake until time of drought, and then this water would stream down over the city. At either end of the bridge spanning this Euphrates there was a palace—the one palace a mile and a half around, the other palace seven and a half miles around.

The wife of Nebuchadnezzar had been born and brought up in the country, and in a mountainous region, and she could not bear this flat district of Babylon, and so, to please his wife, Nebuchadnezzar built in the midst of the city a mountain 400 feet high. This mountain was built out into terraces supported on arches. On the top of these arches a layer of flat stones, on the top of that a layer of reeds and bitumen, on the top of that two layers of bricks closely cemented, on the top of that a heavy sheet of lead, and on the top of that the soil placed—the soil so deep that a Lebanon cedar had room to anchor its roots. There were pumps worked by mighty machinery, fetching up the water from the Euphrates to this hanging garden, as it was called, so that there were fountains spouting into the sky. Standing below and looking up, it must have seemed as if the clouds were in blossom, or as though the sky leaned on the shoulder of a cedar. All this Nebuchadnezzar did to please his wife. Well, she ought to have been pleased. I suppose she was pleased. If that would not please her, nothing would. There was in that city also the temple of Belus, with towers—one tower the eighth of a mile high, in which there was an observatory where astronomers talked to the stars. There was in that temple an image, just one image, which would cost what would be our \$50,000,000.

Found Wanting.

Oh, what a city! The earth never saw anything like it, never will tell anything like it, and yet I have to tell you that it is going to be destroyed. The king and his princes are at a feast. They are all intoxicated. Pour out the rich wine into the chalices! Drink to the health of the king! Drink to the glory of Babylon! Drink to a great future! A thousand lords reel intoxicated. The king seated upon a chair, with vacant look, as intoxicated men will—with vacant look stared at the wall. But soon that vacant look takes on intensity, and it is an affrighted look, and all the princes begin to look and wonder what is the matter, and they look at the same point on the wall, and then there drops a darkness into the room that puts out the blaze of the golden plate, and out of the sleeve of the darkness there comes a finger—a finger of fiery terror circling around and circling around as though it would write, and then it comes up and with sharp tip of flame it inscribes on the plastering of the wall the doom of the king: "Weighed in the balances and found wanting." The bang of heavy fists against the gates of the palace is followed by the breaking in of the doors. A thousand gleaming knives strike into 1,000 quivering hearts. Now death is king, and he is seated on a throne of corpses. In that hall there is a balance lifted. God swung it. On one side of the balance are put Belshazzar's opportunities, on the other side of the balance are put Belshazzar's sins. The sins come down. His opportunities go up. Weighed in the balances—found wanting.

No Perfect Balance.

There has been a great deal of cheating in our country with false weights and measures and balances, and the government, to change that state of things, appointed commissioners whose business it was to stamp weights and measures and balances, and a great deal of the wrong has been corrected. But still, after all, there is no such thing as a perfect balance on earth. The chain may break or some of the metal may be clipped or in some way the equipoise may be disturbed. You cannot always depend upon earthly balances. A pound is not always a pound, and you may pay for one thing and get another, but in the balance which is suspended to the throne of God, a pound is a pound and right is right and wrong is wrong and a soul is a soul and eternity is eternity. God has a perfect bushel and a perfect peck and a perfect gallon. When merchants weigh their goods in the wrong way, then the Lord weighs the goods again. If from the imperfect

measure the merchant pours out what pretends to be a gallon of oil, and there is less than a gallon, God knows it, and he calls upon his recording angel to mark it. "So much wanting in that measure of oil." The farmer comes in from the country. He has apples to sell. He has an imperfect measure. He pours out the apples from this imperfect measure. God recognizes it. He says to the recording angel, "Mark down so many apples too few—an imperfect measure." We may cheat ourselves, and we may cheat the world, but we cannot cheat God, and in the great day of judgment it will be found out that what we learned in boyhood at school is correct; that twenty hundredweight makes a ton, and 120 solid feet make a cord of wood. No more, no less, and a religion which does not take hold of this life, as well as the life to come, is no religion at all.

Weigh Principles.

But, my friends, that is not the style of balances I am to speak of today; that is not the kind of weights and measures. I am to speak of that kind of balances which weigh principles, weigh churches, weigh men, weigh nations and weigh worlds. "What!" you say. "Is it possible that our world is to be weighed?" Yes. Why, you would think if God put on one side of the balance the Alps and the Pyrenees and the Himalayas and Mount Washington and all the cities of the earth they would crush it. No, no! The time will come when God will sit down on the white throne to see the world weighed, and on one side will be the world's opportunities and on the other side the world's sins. Down will go the sins and away will go the opportunities and God will say to the messengers with the torch: "Burn that world! Weighed and found wanting!"

So God will weigh churches. He takes a great church. That church, great according to the worldly estimate, must be weighed. He puts it on one side of the balance and the minister and the choir and the building that cost its hundreds of thousands of dollars. He puts them on one side of the balance. On the other side of the scale he puts what that church ought to be, what its consecration ought to be, what its sympathy for the poor ought to be, what its devotion to all good ought to be. That is on one side. That side comes down, and the church, not being able to stand the test, rises in the balance. It does not make any difference about your magnificent machinery. A church is built for one thing—to save souls. If it saves a few souls when it might save a multitude of souls, God will spew it out of his mouth. Weighed and found wanting!

A Malady to Be Cured.

So we perceive that God estimates nations. How many times he has put the Spanish monarchy into the scales and found it insufficient and condemned it! The French empire was placed on one side of the scales, and God weighed the French empire, and Napoleon said: "Have I not enlarged the boulevards? Did I not kindle the glories of the Champs Elysees? Have I not adorned the Tuileries? Have I not built the gilded opera house?" Then God weighed the nation, and he put on one side the scales the emperor and the boulevards and the Tuileries and the Champs Elysees and the gilded opera house, and on the other side he puts that man's abominations, that man's libertinism, that man's selfishness, that man's godless ambition. This last came down, and all the brilliancy of the scene vanished. What is that voice coming up from Sedan? Weighed and found wanting!

But I must become more individual and more personal in my address. Some people say they do not think clergymen ought to be personal in their religious address, but ought to deal with subjects in the abstract. I do not think that way. What would you think of a hunter who should go to the Adirondacks to shoot deer in the abstract? Ah, no! He loads the gun; he puts the butt of it against his breast, he runs his eye along the barrel, he takes sure aim, and then crash go the antlers on the rocks! And so, if we want to be hunters for the Lord, we must take sure aim and fire. Not in the abstract are we to treat things in religious discussions. If a physician comes into a sickroom, does he treat disease in the abstract? No. He feels the pulse, takes the diagnosis, then he writes the prescription. And if we want to heal souls for this life and the life to come, we do not want to treat them in the abstract. The fact is, you and I have a malady which, if uncured by grace, will kill us forever. Now, I want no abstraction. Where is the balm? Where is the physician?

Striking a Balance.

People say there is a day of judgment coming. My friends, every day is a day of judgment, and you and I today are being canvassed, inspected, weighed. Here are the balances of the sanctuary. They are lifted, and we must all be weighed. Who will come and be weighed first? Here is a moralist who volunteers. He is one of the most upright men in the country. He comes. "Well, my brother, get in—get into the balances now and be weighed." But as he gets into the balances I say, "What is that bundle you have along with you?" "Oh," he says, "that is my reputation for goodness and kindness and charity and generosity and kindness generally!" "Oh, my brother, we cannot weigh that! We are going to weigh you—you. Now stand in the scales—you, the moralist. Paid your debts?" "Yes," you say, "paid all my debts." "Have you acted in an upright way in the community?" "Yes, yes." "Have you been kind to the poor? Are you faithful in a thousand relations in life?" "Yes." "So far, so good. But now, before you get out of this scale I want to ask you two or three questions. Have your thoughts always been right?" "No," you say; "no." Put down one mark. "Have you loved the Lord with all your heart and soul and mind and strength?" "No," you say.

Make another mark. "Come now, be frank and confess that in 10,000 things you have come short, have you not?" "Yes." Make 10,000 marks. Come now, get me a book large enough to make the record of the moralist's deficits. My brother, stand in the scales, do not fly away from them. I put on your side the scales all the good deeds you ever did, all the kind words you ever uttered. But on the other side the scales I put this weight which God says I must put there—on the other side the scales and opposite to yours I put this weight, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." Weighed and found wanting!

Creeds Won't Save.

Still, the balances of the sanctuary are suspended and we are ready to weigh any who come. Who shall be the next? Well, here is a formalist. He comes and he gets into the balances, and as he gets in I see that all his religion is in genuflections and in outward observances. As he gets into the scales I say, "What is that you have in this pocket?" "Oh!" he says, "that is a Westminster assembly catechism." I say: "Very good. What have you in the other pocket?" "Oh!" he says, "that is the Heidelberg catechism." "Very good. What is that you have under your arm, standing in this balance of the sanctuary?" "Oh!" he says, "that is a church record." "Very good. What are these books on your side the balances?" "Oh!" he says, "those are 'Calvin's Institutes.'" "My brother, we are not weighing books, we are weighing you. It cannot be that you are depending for your salvation upon your orthodoxy. Do you not know that the creeds and the forms of religion are merely the scaffolding for the building? You certainly are not going to mistake the scaffolding for the temple. Do you not know that men have gone to perdition with a catechism in their pocket?" "But," says the man, "I cross myself often." "Ah! that will not save you." "But," says the man, "I am sympathetic for the poor." "That will not save you." Says the man, "I sat at the communion table." "That will not save you." "But," says the man, "I have had my name on the church record." "That will not save you." "But I have been a professor of religion 40 years." "That will not save you. Stand there on your side the balances, and I will give you the advantage—I will let you have all the creeds, all the church records, all the Christian conventions that were ever held, all the communion tables that were ever built, on your side the balances. On the other side the balances I must put what God says I must put there. I put this 1,000,000 pound weight on the other side the balances, 'Having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.'" Weighed and found wanting!

Two Great Questions.

Still the balances are suspended. Are there any others who would like to be weighed or who will be weighed? Yes; here comes a worldlying. He gets into the scales. I can very easily see what his whole life is made up of. Stocks, dividends, percentages, "buyer ten days," "buyer 30 days." "Get in, my friend, get into these balances and be weighed—weighed for this life and weighed for the life to come." He gets in. I find that the two great questions in his life are, "How cheaply can I buy these goods?" and "How dearly can I sell them?" I find he admires heaven because it is a land of gold, and money must be "easy." I find, from talking with him, that religion and the Sabbath are an interruption, a vulgar interruption, and he hopes on the way to church to drum up a new customer! All the week he has been weighing fruits, weighing meats, weighing ice, weighing coals, weighing confections, weighing worldly and perishable commodities, not realizing the fact that he himself has been weighed. "On your side the balances, O worldlying! I will give you full advantage. I put on your side all the banking houses, all the storehouses, all the cargoes, all the insurance companies, all the factories, all the silver, all the gold, all the money vaults, all the safe deposits—all on your side. But it does not add one ounce, for at the very moment we are congratulating you on your fine house and upon your princely income God and the angels are writing in regard to your soul, 'Weighed and found wanting!'"

But I must go faster and speak of the final scrutiny. The fact is, my friends, we are moving on amid astonishing realities. These pulses which now are drumming the march of life may, after awhile, call a halt. We walk on a hair hung bridge over chasms. All around us are dangers lurking, ready to spring on us from ambush. We lie down at night, not knowing whether we shall arise in the morning. We start out for our occupations, not knowing whether we shall come back. Crowns being furnished for thy brow or bolts forged for thy prison. Angels of light ready to shout at thy deliverance or fiends of darkness stretching out skeleton hands to pull thee down into ruin consummate!

Before the Judge.

Suddenly the judgment will be here. The angel with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land will swear by him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer: "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." Hark to the jarring of the mountains. Why, that is the setting down of the scales, the balances. And then there is a flash as if from a cloud, but it is the glitter of the shining balances, and they are hoisted, and all nations are to be weighed. The unforgotten get in on this side the balances. They may have weighed themselves and pronounced a flattering decision. The world may have weighed them and pronounced them moral. Now they are being weighed in God's balances—the balances that can make no mistake. All the property gone, all the titles of distinction gone, all the worldly successes

gone. There is a soul, absolutely nothing but a soul, an immortal soul, a never dying soul, a soul stripped of all worldly advantages, a soul on one side the scales. On the other side the balances are wasted Sabbaths, disregarded sermons, 10,000 opportunities of mercy and pardon that were cast aside. They are on the other side the scales, and there God stands, and in the presence of men and devils, cherubim and arch-angel he announces, while groaning earthquake and crackling conflagration and judgment trumpet and everlasting storm repeat it, "Weighed and found wanting!"

In the Scales.

But, say some who are Christians: "Certainly you don't mean to say that we will have to get into the balances? Our sins are all pardoned, our title to heaven is secure. Certainly you are not going to put us in the balances?" "Yes, my brother. We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, and on that day you are going to be weighed. Oh, follower of Christ! you get into the balances. The bell of the judgment is ringing. You must get into the balances. You get in on this side. On the other side the balances we will place all the opportunities of good which you did not improve, all the attainments in piety which you might have had, but which you refused to take. We place them all on the other side. They go down, and your soul rises in the scale. You cannot weigh against all those imperfections. Well, then, we must give you the advantage, and on your side the scale we will place all the good deeds you have ever done, and all the kind words you have ever uttered. Too light yet! Well, we must put on your side all the consecration of your life, all the holiness of your life, all the prayers of your life, all the faith of your Christian life. Too light yet! Come mighty men of the past and get in on that side the scales. Come, Payson and Doddridge and Baxter, get in on that side the scales and make them come down, that this righteous one may be saved. They come and they get in the scales. Too light yet! Come, the martyrs, the Latimers, the Wyclifs, the men who suffered at the stake for Christ. Get in on this side the Christian's balances, and see if you cannot help him weight it right. They come and get in. Too light! Come, angels of God on high. Let not the righteous perish with the wicked. They get in on this side the balances. Too light yet! I put on this side the balances all the scepters of light, all the thrones of power, all the crowns of glory. Too light yet! But just at that point, Jesus, the Son of God, comes up to the balances, and he puts one of his scarred feet on your side, and the balances begin to tremble from top to bottom. Then he puts both of his scarred feet on the balances, and the Christian's side comes down with a stroke that sets all the bells of heaven ringing. That rock of ages heavier than any other weight!

A Glorious Hope.

But says the Christian, "Am I to be allowed to get off so easily?" Yes. If some one should come and put on the other side the scales all your imperfections, all your envies, all your jealousies, all your inconsistencies of life, they would not budge the scales with Christ on your side the scales. Go free! There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Chains broken, prison houses opened, sins pardoned. Go free! Weighed in the balances and nothing, nothing wanted. Oh, what a glorious hope! Will you accept it this day? Christ making up for what you lack. Christ the atonement for all your sins. Who will accept him? Will not this whole audience say: "I am insufficient, I am a sinner. I am lost by reason of my transgressions, but Christ has paid it all. My Lord and my God, my life, my pardon, my heaven. Lord Jesus, I hail thee!" Oh, if you could only understand the worth of that sacrifice which I have represented to you under a figure—if you could understand the worth of that sacrifice, this whole audience would this moment accept Christ and be saved.

We go away off or back into history to get some illustration by which we may set forth what Christ has done for us. We need not go so far. I saw a vehicle behind a runaway horse dashing through the street, a mother and her two children in the carriage. The horse dashed along as though to haul them to death, and a mounted policeman, with a shout clearing the way and the horse at full run, attempted to seize those runaway horses to save a calamity, when his own horse fell and rolled over him. He was picked up half dead. Why were our sympathies so stirred? Because he was badly hurt and hurt for others. But I tell you today of how Christ, the Son of God, on the blood red horse of sacrifice, came for our rescue and rode down the sky and rode unto death for our rescue. Are not your hearts touched? That was a sacrifice for you and me. O thou who didst ride on the red horse of sacrifice, come and ride through this world on the white horse of victory!

Governors and Senators.

Sixteen members of the present United States senate have served terms as governors of their respective states. They are Bate of Tennessee, Berry of Arkansas, Culberson of Texas, Cullom of Illinois, Davis of Minnesota, Foraker of Ohio, Gear of Iowa, Hawley of Connecticut, McEnery of Louisiana, Nelson of Minnesota, Perkins of California, Proctor of Vermont, Shoup of Idaho, Tillman of South Carolina, Warren of Wyoming and Wetmore of Rhode Island.

Selling Coppers at 10 Cents a Dozen.

"Pennies—10 cents a dozen" is a sign that has been put up in a cigar store in Anderson, Ind., and trade is brisk. The place is filled with the penny alluring slot machines, and the dealer is taking the risk that most of his cut rate coppers will remain in the building.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WHY HE LIKED HIM.

The barber was perhaps a trifle more talkative than usual and the customer was scarcely in good humor. The portly gentleman had come straight from the dentist's. In blissful ignorance of this little fact, the knight of the razor opened fire. He discussed the weather, foreign politics, the rival barber opposite, and was explaining his views on the education question when the customer growled out suddenly:

Where's that assistant of yours, the one with the red head?

He's left me, sir. We parted last week on friendly terms, you know, and all that, but—

Pity! growled the portly gentleman I liked that young fellow. There was something about his conversation I thoroughly enjoyed. He was one of the most sensible talkers I ever met, and—

You'll excuse me sir, but their must be some mistake, gasped the astonished barber. If you remember Jim was deaf and dumb.

Just so. Just so, was the curt rejoinder. That's why I liked him.

And the barber kept on shaving.

War Notes.

The war with Spain is over, but the battle of disease with health is still on. It rages hottest in spring. Disease, bred during the rigors of winter, lurks in the system to do its deadly work. You don't feel well. You have no appetite. You are nervous. You have indigestion, which you think is heart trouble. You are dizzy, feel tired and discouraged, and about ready to give up the battle. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters is the effective weapon in this warfare, and who is armed with it, always conquers. Sold liquid in bottles and tablets in boxes. Price 25 cents for either. I makes folks well. It keeps folks well.

You say them shoes is wuth \$1, but you'll take 75 cents if I pay cash, wont you?

Yes.

Then you'll fling in o' pair of woolen socks?

Reckin' so.

Hold on; them shoes hain't got no strings, have they?

I'll give you a pair.

Better make it two pair; one will soon wear out.

All right.

Looks like you might gimme a pair o' suspenders fer a good measure.

Well, rather than miss a trade, I'll do it.

When a feller buys a bill, you allus set em up don't cher?

Yes, what'll you take?

Three cigars an' a pound' of sage cheese.

Money on hand for all good loans that come within the requirements of the law.

Interest will be credited to depositors Jan. 1st and July 1st, compounding twice a year. All taxes in this state are paid by the bank on deposits of \$1000 or less; deposits are received in sums from \$1 to \$1000. No money loaned to any officer or trustee of the Bank. It is conducted on the basis that absolute safety is of greater importance than high rates of interest.

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Then why do you cough all

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RESOURCES:	
Investments in Orleans Co., Vt.,	\$268,479.91
Other loans in Vermont,	3,520.00
Cash on hand and on deposit in	
National banks,	36,728.63
Loans on first mortgages outside	
of Vermont,	64,642.45
Other loans outside of Vermont,	400.00
Real estate,	7,000.00
City and school bonds,	6,300.00
Accrued interest,	8,298.98
	\$419,269.98

LIABILITIES:	
Capital Stock paid in,	\$50,000.00
Due 1603 Depositors,	353,631.83
Treasurer's Checks outstanding,	2,085.22
Due State of Vermont, Taxes,	1,035.10
Unearned Discounts,	147.59
3 per cent dividend to stockholders,	
payable today,	1,500.00
Undivided profits,	9,952.62
Total,	\$419,269.98

GUARANTY FUND.	
Capital Stock paid in,	\$50,000.00
Additional liability of stockholders,	\$50,000.00
	\$100,000.00

This institution transacts a general banking business.

No mortgages taken without an examination of the security by an officer of the bank, the expenses of which the borrower is expected to pay. It requires of patrons, and others, will receive prompt attention.

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